A MAN'S THOUGHTS.

Work, there is work to be done,
A whole day's work in a day;
From the rising sun to the setting sun
Work for all who may.

And the prayer of the working hand
Is the prayer of the working head—
The clamorous prayer of the hungry land—
"Give us our daily bread!"

Fame, there is fame to be won,
A name that stands for a name;
The prize when the race shall be run,
And the honors a victor may claim.

Gold, and better than gold,
Power, and the world's good will;
And better than all a thousandfold,
An honest conscience still.

To suffer and know no shame,
To conquer, and leave no ban,
To live as giving, through praise and blame
Assurance of a man.

—Good Words.

THE "HIGH BALL."

THE hard times had made it necessary for the Mitchell Furniture Company to cut down the working hours of all of its employes. A little more than a year before two hundred tired men passed the timekeeper every evening at six o'clock, homeward bound. Now but ninety hands were employed, including the office force and boys, and work was over every afternoon at four o'clock.

The majority of the men whiled away the interval between quitting time and their supper hours in the stores and saloons, which surrounded the public square. Malchester had its public square, as every well ordered county seat should have, and the advertising leaflet, issued by the Malchester Improvement Society, contained a most alluring picture of it. There were also in this leaflet some fine "half tone" engravings of the court house, the new high school, Malchester's four stone churches, the stores of her leading merchants (who paid $25 "to defray the actual cost of preparing the engraved plates"), the new depot and the old round house of the Jacksonville, Malchester and Springfield Railway. The leaflet also called attention, in bold, red display type, to the fact that Malchester was a division point on the Jacksonville, Malchester and Springfield Railway, and that for over a quarter of a century from one hundred and fifty to two hundred employes of the road had made the town their headquarters.

One afternoon, as President Mitchell's stenographer, Frank Ashley, was tidying up the papers on his employer's desk, he came across the leaflets of the Malchester Improvement Society, and the display note about the Jacksonville, Malchester and Springfield Railway reminded him that it was high time to go over to the round house and near a story which his old friend, "Commodore" Foote, the engineer of locomotive No. 92, had promised to tell him the next time he came around.

Now, even if the buildings in which locomotives are housed are universally called round houses, each one, I suppose, has its shady side. I remember the one at Malchester was so blessed, and here, at six o'clock, well out of the burning rays of a declining summer sun, on a portable and improvised bench, made by placing a broken freight car door on two discarded "draw heads," sat Foote and young Ashley. Jim Walsh, the fireman, was oiling, polishing, watering and generally preparing No. 92 for her approaching run. Presently the fireman had tipped the long snouted oil can enough to suit even the critical commodore, and, as if half in sympathy with the mechanism of his engine, the commodore's power of speech became lubricated, and he began:

"It's a true story. I knew Harry Powers, the engineer of old No. 47, before the war, when his wife was station agent at Malchester, and trains were run wholly by time table. There were no such things as telegraphic train orders in those days.

"Powers made his headquarters at Malchester, and his wife, being the station agent, the company let the family live in the upper story of the depot without paying rent. Powers and his wife and their little girl Elsie lived over the depot for fifteen years, 'hand running,' with the exception of about two months, when Elsie was sick with typhoid fever, and they hired a cottage up in the town, where she wouldn't be disturbed by the noise of engines and trains. It was shortly after Elsie had pulled through and they had all moved back into the depot again that the thing happened I am going to tell you off.

"Elsie was twelve years old then. The doctor said it would hasten her complete recovery if she was out of doors as much as possible, so almost every afternoon her mother sent her berrying.

"About a mile and a half down the track toward Millegeville, in a clump of woods, was a fine blueberry patch and here you could find Elsie almost every afternoon. She could fill her pail quickly there, and then she liked the woods anyway.

"One afternoon she had been slow, or the berries were not as plentiful as usual, for it was after six o'clock when she started for home. As she was about to leave the woods and strike the railway tracks she was suddenly confronted by three masked men. Now Elsie was weak and nervous from her long sickness, and when she realized that she was among robbers she fainted. The next thing she knew she was coming [illegible] and instead of [illegible] murdered or robbed, was being tenderly held in the arms of one of the bandits, while the other two were busy sprinkling water in her face and fanning her with a piece of crumpled newspaper. She was so relieved to find that she had not been beheaded or cut into quarters, as the robbers were in Ali Baba, that her lips began to tremble some sort of thanks. But the minute she showed that she was conscious the robbers lost no time in telling her why they had taken such pains to bring her 'round.' She was to stay with them until eight o'clock, when the mail and express was due, and signal and stop the train at the Millegeville siding, a desolate side track half a mile down the track from where they were.

"A few minutes before eight o'clock a little figure sat on a big tie, at the switch, at the west end of the Millegeville siding. One of the robbers had a switch key and had turned the switch so as to throw the train off on to the siding. This in itself they reckoned would cause the train to stop. The signal lamp at the switch had been twisted around until it showed the white light of safety, and the gleam of the 'bull's eye' shed just enough light to show the robbers in ambush at the edge of the woods that their unwilling little accomplice was waiting and ready to give the signal which would give them the opportunity of robbing the express and mail cars of the most important treasure bearing train then run by any railroad in the State of Illinois.

"It must have seemed ages to those four watchers. At last, however, the rumble of the approaching train could be heard up the valley. As it flew through the sleepy little hamlet of Millegeville it whistled and the noise re-echoed against the quiet hills. To the robbers these sounds meant only the rapidly approaching chance of rich gains, but to Elsie, who had risen and was standing back a short distance from the track, those familiar whistle shrieks meant far more. They meant that her father's engine was drawing the train and that if he should recognize her in the dark all her plans would miscarry. However, there was no time left for speculation. Six eyes gleamed with satisfaction through three black masks as the little figure at the switch light began to slowly wave a white handkerchief as a warning signal to the approaching train.

"The infinite pleasure of having their well laid plans carry without mishap was felt by the robbers, as Elsie waved more and more furiously, and the engine could be distinctly heard shutting off steam and slackening for the stop. Then suddenly came a quick change. "Chu, chu, chu," came in quick succession from the locomotive, as her drive wheels slipped on the track and made a wild plunge forward. "Chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu," again came from the engine. What could it mean? The speed of the train was increasing instead of diminishing. Elsie was now signaling wildly, yet onward, faster and faster, came the mail and express. It entered the siding and flashed past the little figure at the switch light. Even the sudden unexpected swerve from the main line on to the siding had not diminished its rapidly increasing velocity. In a moment more it had passed from the siding on to the main line again and the signal lights on the rear platform disappeared around a curve up the line.

"The robbers now left cover and came over to find Elsie in a faint, the second time that day. This time, however, they did not stop to bring her to. There was no time to be lost. She had done her full duty, fulfilled every promise she had given them. Certainly she was not to blame for the train not stopping. Little did those men know as they left her and disappeared in the woods that Elsie Powers had given her father that signal of safety universally known among railroad men as the "high ball." Only a railroad man, certainly no technically unsophisticated tramp or robber, could have told that those handkerchief wavings meant 'All right! All right! Come on full speed! Come on full speed!' instead of 'Danger!' and 'Stop!' From her earliest infancy, when she played train with the parlor chairs, Elsie knew well the whole code of technical railroad signals, and she also knew that unless her father recognized her at the switch his unquestioning obedience to the signals of the road would save the mail and express from robbery.

"Up in Chicago, on the desk of the President of the Jacksonville, Malchester and Springfield Railway, half buried under a sea of important letters and official papers, there is a little silver frame, containing a photograph of the little girl who, when only twelve years old, saved the mail and express from robbery at Millegeville siding. Each year, when the President inserts in his annual report to his Board of Directors 'For the efficient service rendered by all employes our acknowledgments are due,' he takes this picture in his hands and sits for quite a long time all alone, buried deep in thought. He knows Elsie intimately now, for she is the mother of his two grandchildren. Some of the society people up in Chicago shook their heads and said that President Roberts's son Harry was throwing himself away when he married Elsie Powers. 'But,' said the Commodore, as he arose and, buttoning his blue checked jumper, turned half round toward young Ashley, at the same time unconsciously extending his left arm toward No. 92, 'I tell you, she's as good and true as you'll find them anywhere in the world.'"—Chicago News.

A number of families from Chippewa and Eau Claire Counties, Wisconsin, have selected [illegible] and are to establish [illegible] 100 miles from [illegible]

AMERICA'S VIDOCQ.

THE CAREER OF BYRNES, NEW YORK'S FAMOUS DETECTIVE.

He Broke Up the Strongest and Cleverest Band of Burglars Ever Organized—A Dramatic Lexow Witness.

THOMAS BYRNES was a plain young Irishman when he was appointed a policeman on December 10, 1863. He had then just come home from the war, where he had served in Ellsworth's Zouaves in the same company with William Murray, whom he succeeded as Superintendent of Police twenty-nine years later.

Byrnes did his first police duty in the Fifteenth Precinct, where he was afterward to do his greatest work, that which secured him promotion and fame as a detective. Five years he patroled, trying doors and chasing drunks about. Then he became roundsman, and in the following year, 1869, sergeant. On July 1, 1870, he was made captain and assigned to the Twenty-third Precinct.

He served in turn in the Twenty-third, the Twenty-first and Fifteenth Precincts, and on the Broadway squad. Then he went back to the Fifteenth, and did not leave the Mercer Street Station House again until he was called to headquarters, on March, 12, 1880, to take charge of the detective force.

The immediate cause of that promotion was his successful campaign against the burglars who, in the fall of 1878, robbed the Manhattan Savings Bank of $3,000,000. The bank was in Byrnes's precinct, and he took up the pursuit of the band of burglars—the strongest and most cleverly organized that had ever worked in any city—with a persistency and skill that finally won its reward.

The band was broken up, run to earth or scattered. Most of its members were sent to prison for long terms. So conclusive was the victory over lawlessness of that form that no bank safe in New York has ever since been "cracked." Bank robbers have found it healthier elsewhere.

To Byrnes was given the task of reorganizing the detective force, then a troop of broken-down policemen, who worked, if they worked at all, without system or purpose. He began by establishing an office in Wall street on the day of his appointment, and in making Fulton street the dead-line against crooks, below which none of them was allowed. If one ventured nearer the financial centre, he was arrested on general principles. His plan worked well. Wall street has been safe since from the kind of robbery the police can prevent. It brought Byrnes his reward too. He testified before the Lexow Committee that his solicitude for the rich had brought him a cool $350,000 at least through "opportunities" afforded him by Gould and others.

At Headquarters he put back on post twenty-one of the twenty-eight detectives he found there, and put other men in their places. The detective staff, when he had remodeled it and made it a very efficient body, numbered forty men with the rank of sergeant. He himself had been made Inspector in order to give him authority in the precincts.

His ambition reached out for supreme control, and all the ward men were put under his rule at one time, but the police system was not elastic enough to let him have the desired free play with these, and that part of the plan was dropped.

Inspector Byrnes became justly famous for his management of the detective force, and, had he rested there, would have been a very unique personage in police history. He drove thieves and rascals into exile under an iron rule and a rigid system of account kept with and of, all malefactors, which bore good fruit for the city. But on April 12, 1892, he succeeded Murray as Superintendent, and his troubles began.

He was too big a man for the job, or not big enough, according to the way one looks at it. At all events his ambition was too big. From the first he was not in accord with the Police Board. He desired autocratic powers, and meddled constantly with legislation to secure his end. The history of his chieftaincy has been a record of pulling and hauling between him and the Police Commissioners, to which even the Lexow Committee business did not put an end.

The story of the committee is well remembered. It disclosed gross corruption in the Police Department, but failed to smirch Superintendent Byrnes personally. His testimony on the stand, with his acknowledgment of his wealth acquired through his services to the rich, made the dramatic ending of the investigation.—New York Sun.

Napoleon's Many Portraits.

No face is better known through portraits than that of Napoleon, yet the best known picture of the great Corsican is believed to be the least reliable. There are in existence over fifty portraits, taken in his own time, and the variance between them is so great that it is sometimes difficult to trace any resemblance. It is evident that the portraits by David are idealized, while the little known portrait by Trumbull represents him as a beefy, overfed man, with little intellectuality of expression. In youth and during the last few years of his life he was undoubtedly ugly; between 1800 and 1810, after his emaciation disappeared and before he became gross, he was only passably good-looking. There were in his face and manner a personal dignity and an air of command that inspired respect in a beholder.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Did Not Recognize the Cow.

Several good stories are told of the absent-mindedness of some well known divines. Of one popular clergyman it is said that when walking on the street his mind is generally so thoroughly fixed upon some subject that he will pass by his most intimate friends without the slightest recognition. Once, when in the country, this minister ran full into a cow, which was calmly chewing her cud by the wayside. Without noticing the nature of the obstruction, the absent-minded clergyman lifted his hat and, with a bow, said, "I beg your pardon." Upon realizing the ridiculousness of his error he made a mental resolve never to commit a like blunder again.

Somewhat further on in his rambles and while still pondering the same weighty subject, he approached a sharp turn in the road, beyond which he could not obtain sight of any moving object. Turning the corner quickly he came face to face with a lady, and, before he could check his speed, nearly knocked the woman down. Dim recollections of the cow episode evidently flashed through his mind, for he said, sharply, "Go away, you dirty beast." What the lady said is not recorded.

Of another clergyman the tale is told that he was once riding with a companion through the woods in Vermont. For a long time not a word had been spoken, as the mind of the reverend gentleman seemed wrapped up in some matter far from his surroundings. Suddenly a fox darted across the road, directly in front of the horse's head. The clergyman did not see it and his companion exclaimed: "There goes a fox!" As if nothing had been said, the minister continued silent; still thinking of the weighty subject of his reverie. Fully half an hour elapsed before he asked, quite innocently, "Where?"—New York Herald.

Trout in the Lakes.

A singular fact in connection with distribution of fishes is that no streams flowing northward into Lake Erie from Ohio have brook trout in them naturally and only one has them artifically. All of the Michigan streams emptying into Lake Erie have trout in them. There are two St. Joseph Rivers in Michigan, one entirely in the State and the other having its head waters there. The two streams rise in the same hills, almost within a stone's throw of one another. One flows westward through the State and has an abundance of trout in its upper waters. The other flows south into Ohio, and its waters reach Lake Erie through connection with the Maumee River. There are no trout in it, and it is the only stream in Michigan that has no trout. Coscalia Creek, in Northern Ohio, is the one stream in that State in which there are brook trout. This creek is the outlet to a vast spring or lake, which nearly a century ago appeared on a farm in that part of the State in a single night. The trout the creek now contains are the result of artificial stocking, which was done a few years ago.—New York Telegram.

A Moth Story That Holds the Record.

Here is a moth story that holds the record for the moment: Last week a resident of Marlengton, W. Va., got out his rifle, after it had been standing for two weeks in a closet, and found, upon extracting the cartridge to clean the gun, that the lead of the bullet had all been eaten away and remained in the barrel in the shape of fine dust. With the dust there fell out the dried body of a moth. The appearance of the moth indicated that it had eaten the lead from the bullet. In proof of his story the owner of the rifle showed the moth and the lead dust to several friends, and all agreed that everything indicated that the moth had eaten the lead.—New York Sun.

A Lame Man Suddenly Healed.

A severe tumble upon the ice recently at Norristown, Penn., accomplished for William R. Roop, of the Stony Creek Railroad, what surgeons could not do. Seven years ago Roop dislocated his left hip and it could not be reset. Consequently his left leg since that time has been two inches shorter than his right one.

This morning he fell on the ice, striking the hip injured seven years ago. When a physician was summoned it was found that the jar of the fall had shot the hip bone into the socket, and now both legs are the same length.—Philadelphia Record.

Wonderful Instinct of Ants.

A new phase in the wonderful instinct of ants is the case of Formica smaragdina of Malacca, which makes its nest in trees, joining the leaves together by a thin thread of silk at the ends. The first step in making the nest is for several ants to bend the leaves together and hold on with their hind legs, when one of them, after some time, runs up with a larva, and, irritating it with its antennæ, makes it produce a thread with which the leaves are joined. When one larva is exhausted a second is brought and the process is repeated.—New York Independent.

A Famous Strong Man.

Juan Dias Faes died recently in the province of Asturias, Spain. He was a man of Herculean build and strength; a giant who with his bare fists was able to fight and subdue bears in the mountains. With one blow he once almost killed a famous English boxer, and his hunting adventures formed the basis of novels and melodramas. Queen Christine, the Duke of Montpensier, young Carnot and other great people were the friends and admirers of Faes. He was one of the simplest and most good natured fellows in personal intercourse and a great favorite with all.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

EDUCATING DUSKY PUPILS IN WAYS OF CIVILIZATION.

What Is Done for Indians of Both Sexes at the Carlisle (Penn.) School—Developing Both Body and Mind.

COMMENCEMENT at Carlisle isn't like a commencement anywhere else on earth, except it be in one of the other schools like unto that of Carlisle, a dozen or so of which are scattered over the United States; offshoots of the Carlisle plan, and devoted to instructing the remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants how to trim ideas instead of arrows, and to eat with forks instead of fingers.

Carlisle was the pioneer proving ground of this method of solving the "Indian problem," and Captain Pratt, of the Tenth Cavalry, the father of the method, during a long and varied experience among Indians on the plains, and afterward, when in charge of the unruly prisoners taken in the war of 1874-75, and transferred to Fort Augustine, found that Indians have hearts and souls, and he found, too, that they are amenable to kindly influences and eager to learn. Then it was that the educational seed sprouted, out of which Carlisle has grown. Sixteen years ago, after hard labor, the old, abandoned Carlisle barracks, half a mile from the city of Carlisle, Penn., almost a ruin, relic of Revolutionary days, was reluctantly turned over to him by the Interior Department, and he was told to get on to the reservation with his small red men and stay there, as the people in the vicinity, staid old Quakers and thrifty Germans, didn't like the near proximity of the aborigines, and were disposed to spoil his fun if he didn't keep them well in hand.

Captain Pratt's idea was at that time an experiment. His idea was to teach the Indians English, and to give them a primary education and some knowledge of common and practical industry, thus affording them means of self-support among civilized people. When Carlisle opened its doors there entered it less than eighty Indians, got together only by a mighty effort. Now there are nearly 800 Indian pupils in the commodious, comfortable quarters at Carlisle, and they represent fifty-five tribes.

Every industry and many arts and sciences are taught at Carlisle. The boys are trained to be tinners, tailors, cobblers, blacksmiths, harnessmakers, carpenters, cabinetmakers, wagonmakers and farmers, as their tastes run, each youth being permitted to take up for his trade the one that he likes best. The girls learn, besides books, all the womanly accomplishments, such as sewing, washing, ironing, darning, mending, baking, etc. Boys and girls alike are instructed in music, drawing, painting and the other arts, and alike they serve half of each day in the school room and the other half in one of the industrial classes. For their services in these classes a few cents a day is paid each student, and these and the "outing" earnings amount in the aggregate to nearly $25,000 a year, all of which is placed to the credit of each individual earning it, and it can be drawn upon at will, under slight restrictions. There is a regular cashier, whose duty it is to care for this fund, and it is quite amusing to watch the students draw upon their bank account. They have bank books, which are models of neatness. An Indian seems to take naturally to penmanship and figures.

There are some things that the students of Carlisle could teach the people who talk of "civilizing" them. The young ladies seldom or never wear any other head covering than a bright scarf, and in the evening their glossy and well-kept black hair is fully in evidence, with a bit of bright ribbon or a flower coquettishly adjusted in it. The Indians love everything that is bright and beautiful, and the flower man that comes out every morning reaps a rich harvest from them.

Indian children are naturally devout. The belief in a higher power seems to be born in them and finds expression in the Sabbath-school, Y. M. C. A. and the King's Daughters. The little silver cross that sets them apart from all others is a common ornament. The children are left to choose their own church. Services are held in the chapel every Sunday, but those who desire to attend services in the town of Carlisle, half a mile away, are chaperoned and cared for. It is the desire that all the students attend services somewhere, but it is never made obligatory.

The love of the beautiful is shown in many ways. In the neat dormitories everything is as clean as soapsuds can make it, and pretty rugs, pictures and pieces of artistic handiwork, made by the owners themselves or purchased with their own spending money, adorn the rooms. The great dining rooms are furnished with white table linen and silver, neat china and and glass ware. Everything that appeals to the sense of the beautiful is furnished.

The "outing system" is one of the great institutions of Carlisle. When the school was first established it was objected that it would be a nuisance to the surrounding farmers, who seemed to have an idea that the students would go on foraging expeditions when they got tired of the restrictions of the school. Now those same farmers are tumbling over each other to get Indian boys to work for them in the summer.

That the boys are thoroughly imbued with a progressive spirit is shown in the fact that when Congress positively refused to make appropriations for needed additions to the buildings for the boys, and for an amusement hall, the students went to Captain Pratt and told him that they would give $1800 of their earnings for the proposed improvements if he could raise the rest. He accepted the proposition, and the improvements were made. The Carlisle boys are handsomely uniformed and splendidly drilled in all evolutions and in marching, though they carry no guns. Their perfectly fitting uniforms are made by their own tailor, assisted by Indian boys who are learning that trade. Everything the Indian students wear is made by themselves. The girls have a light, airy sewing room, and make all their own clothes also.—Washington Star.

A Horse That Eats Pie.

Leonard Jacobs, a pie peddler, has one of the most remarkable horses in Connecticut, says the Baltimore American. Others towns have boasted of horses that chew tobacco and chew gum, but Jacobs's horse will eat pie. The horse is twenty-three years old. Jacobs's pies come from New Haven, packed in cases, and in transportation some of them get broken and cannot be sold. One day Jacobs threw a broken pie on the ground near the horse's head. The animal smelled it, touched it with his tongue, lapped it up and ate it with a relish. Then Jacobs began to feed pies to the horse. The horse soon got to like them, and would even refuse oats when pie was to be had. The habit has grown on him, until now, when Jacobs says "pie" to him, the horse will turn his head and wink expectantly.

He has a decided preference for mince pies, and the more raisins and currants and cider there are the better he is pleased. Apple pie is not a great favorite with him. Most bakers put grated nutmeg into the apple pie and that doesn't seem to agree with the equine taste. Pumpkin pie he likes, and cranberry tarts are an especial delight. Peach, apricot, berry and prune pies are acceptable, but unless the prunes are stoned he will not touch prune pie after the first bite. The horse is fat, click and youthful in his movements, and Jacobs expects to keep him on the pie cart until he is long past the age when most horses are turned out to grass for the rest of their days, or are carted to the horse cemetery by the side of the murky waters of the Naugatuck River.

R. L. Stevenson's Prayer.

The British Weekly publishes the text of a prayer, composed by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist. This prayer, it appears, was read aloud to Mr. Stevenson's family on the night before his death at Samoa in December last. The prayer is as follows:

"We beseech Thee, O Lord, to behold us with favor. Folk of many families and Nations are gathered together in the peace of this roof. Weak men and women subsisting under the cover of Thy patience. Be patient still. Suffer us yet a while longer with our broken purposes of g[illegible] with our idle endeavors against e[illegible] suffer us a while longer to endure a[illegible] if it may be, help us to do be[illegible] Bless to us our extra mercies, an[illegible] the day comes when these mu[illegible] taken, have us play the man u[illegible] affliction.

"Be with our friends. Be with [illegible] selves. Go with each of us to [illegible] and if any awake temper to them the dark hours of watching, and when the day returns to us our sun and [illegible] forter, call us with morning faces, morning hearts, eager to labor, e[illegible] to be happy, if happiness shall be [illegible] portion, and if the day be mark[illegible] sorrow, strong to endure it.

"We thank Thee, and praise T[illegible] and in the words of Him to [illegible] this day is sacred, close our obla[illegible]

What Smallpox Can Do.

At the time of the announcem[illegible] vaccination by Jenner smallpox [illegible] more than one-tenth of all the [illegible] of the human race. Fifty millio[illegible] ple died in Europe from smallpo[illegible] ing the eighteenth century. I[illegible] sixteenth century the disease app[illegible] in Mexico, and 3,500,000 of the [illegible] lation yielded up their lives in [illegible] years, leaving some provinces [illegible] depopulated. In 1707 in I[illegible] 18,000 died in one year, the [illegible] population being but 50,000. S[illegible] per cent. of the people of Gr[illegible] died of smallpox in 1734. Sm[illegible] is the most fearful disease with [illegible] the human race has ever been sc[illegible] Macaulay tells us it was always [illegible] ent, filling the churchyards [illegible] corpses, and leaving on those [illegible] lives it spared the hideous tr[illegible] its power. "If a modern tr[illegible] says Dr. Hyde, "could be trans[illegible] to London in the early part [illegible] present century, no peculiari[illegible] architecture, dress, or behavio[illegible] be so conspicuous as the e[illegible] number of pock-marked faces h[illegible] encounter at every turn." It [illegible] neither rich nor poor, and e[illegible] vaded the palace of the King.—[illegible] cal Record.

An Invalid's Alarming Am[illegible]

I find in a Boston newspape[illegible] item which may be calculated [illegible] well-defined shudders in seve[illegible] ties out of the Hub—even [illegible] York. The item is to the e[illegible] in Cambridge the other day [illegible] girl was seen picking bits of p[illegible] of a barrel of household re[illegible] was waiting in the street [illegible] moved by the city departm[illegible] when asked what she could [illegible] said she was hunting up to[illegible] for her sister, who was sic[illegible] amuses herself," explained [illegible] "pasting the pieces together [illegible] ing 'em!" If this style of [illegible] for invalids is to become a[illegible] mon the time would seem [illegible] hand when "Burn this" sho[illegible] standing precept of corr[illegible] who are at all squeamish [illegible] reads their letters.—New Y[illegible]